



Inter Nos

A Q U A R T E R L Y

Mount St. Mary's
College
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No. 2



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Editorial

INTER NOS congratulates the English Department on its prize winning ability which rated six places in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY contest for college students; three in the Contemporary Poetry Association Anthology; five from the Cabrini Literary Guild; two from the Catholic Daughters' Poetry Contest and a poem in "Lyric." Five entries received Honorable Mention.

We feel that our readers will be interested in reading of this in detail, so we shall offer the full program.

As the Lourdes Centennial is well on its way, to commemorate the first appearance of Our Blessed Mother to the little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, let us join in spirit with the fortunate pilgrims, who can go in person to the Grotto of Messabiele and there offer our homage to Our Lady of Lourdes. We may unite our petitions with theirs, asking for an increase of spirituality, of prayerfulness and of zeal for souls. Thus, we shall be fulfilling her behest of helping the virtuous to come nearer to God, and of gaining the grace of conversion for those who, perhaps, have strayed far from her loving care.

"O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

Travel Activities

Involving Mt. St. Mary's College Alumna, Margaret Halff Stromer, '35

PAN PIPES of Sigma Alpha Iota is a national magazine published four times annually by SAI, professional music fraternity for women, honorary and regular members include the most notable personalities and stars—as well as teachers and aspiring young musicians—among those in the music and entertainment world today.

In the March, 1958 edition is a report of the first SAI sponsored European Music Tour. Five of those who participated in this exciting 'first' were requested to write their impressions briefly, for this issue of Pan Pipes. One of these, Olive L. Barker, who is a member, SAI Historical Committee—Waterloo Iowa Alumnae chapter member—and University Professor, describes in her opening paragraph as follows: "The First Sigma Alpha Iota European Music Tour never would have become a reality had it not been for one person who had the vision, the personality, and the determination to suggest this wonderful idea to others. Her name, Margaret Stromer, her chapter, Beta Omega, Delta Province; her profession, director of Opera, Mount Saint Mary's College, West Los Angeles. Margaret is serving on the Board of Conference of Western States on Travel Education. There are eighteen Pacific Coast Colleges enrolled. This group meets for Panel Discussions, endeavoring to establish a credit solution for Travel Education in Europe. Margaret together with Myrla Smith, Delta Province president, worked two years formulating the plan and were rewarded in August, 1956 when at the National Convention in Washington, D.C., the National Executive Board gave their "go ahead" and the European Music Tour became a reality.

Mrs. Stromer has just been re-elected as recording secretary for the Western States Conference on Travel Education for the coming year. A major conference meeting of all the western states will take place the weekend of May 17th at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. As the Conference was established less than three years ago, these developments are purposeful and indicative of the promise in this field for true academic status in college and university programs of the future. Many high ranking institutions, including our own, are setting standards in curriculum to meet this new 'frontier' in higher education. The University of Southern California already offers at least two courses, firmly accredited, in their departments of History and Music on both graduate and undergraduate levels. Their requirements are if anything, more severe than a standard similar course, and it is on this type of approach that the Conference is basing its study.

Following is Mrs. Stromer's own report from the March edition of Pan Pipes concerning the SAI Music Tour. They visited eleven countries and attended many music festivals and events during their seven weeks abroad, late summer, 1957.

JULY 21st to SEPTEMBER 7th 1957

There were many impressive—and I should say, entrancing moments—during the 49 days of our SAI 1957 tour in Europe. Some thoughts and moments will remain with me always. This was my first tour—as it was for most of the 27—and that first footstep upon the ground of the old world, brought such currents of sensation, associations, thoughts and rememberings from the inmost of one's spirit—that an almost complete sense of transport came over me—and seemed to still be with every fresh experience and event which transpired. It was, too, as if we had known—for always—of these things—and now they were truly ours, as heritage warrants.

Our really first landing (outside of refueling at Gander, Newfoundland) was at Shannon Airport. Ireland! The mist—the green, green in the distance—so unbelievably green! The beautiful skins of the people—especially the young girls in their dark green air-hostess coats—the breakfast there—the freshest milk, butter and eggs ever in this world. And most—the first awareness of the deep, smooth flow of times long past—an awareness which gradually gained possession of us all, as we progressed on the tour. And yet, the present there, containing that past, holds an acceptance—and an energy—far more quiet than that which is our way.

Then each new city—each pass through the picturesque Alps or countryside—green this time of year—brought new excitement and the feeling of especially belonging. “We have to come here again!” or, “There—I must come back!”—to be able in so short a time to capture such a panorama of sights and impressions! And in such wonderful company—to share it, too. Every city has its ‘skyline’—different as one species of plant is from another—the rooftops—significant of these architectural distinctions. Distinct from each other as are the languages, the sounds, the colors.

And then, the music! The main thread of our tour—How fortunate we were in the comprehensive planning of those responsible—to hear so much of the best the world, and Europe too, can offer. Bayreuth, (“Die Maestersinger!”)—where Helenclaire showed us the hidden podium of the conductor—illuminated under the hood which covers the orchestra at the foot of the slope of seats that rise above the stage. The angle is such that the singers can watch his baton in performance without lowering their eyes—thus making possible the delicacies in acting and performance for which the ‘Festival House’ of Wagner is famous. And rightly so—from our experience there! It was—to say the least—fabulous.

The most exciting new sensation was achieved in the music and ‘perfect’ performance of Alan Berg’s “Wozzeck” in the Munich Festival. Even the most hardy conservatives on the subject of atonal music were entranced, musically and dramatically with this great work, and especially this particular production of it.

But the high point of perfection—in the purest musical idiom—was at the Edinburgh Festival at the very last of our journey—where we heard the Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Eduard Van Beinum—and Szymon Goldberg (Mendelssohn Concerto in E

Minor) on the violin. What an experience—just to have been there that night!

As much as we could fill volumes with rememberings from this first official SAI tour of Europe—I know space will not permit my dwelling longer upon my own pleasures there—among which, of course, is forever in my mind and soul the majesty, awesomeness and great beauty of the historical churches throughout the land—wherein reside the great art masterpieces of the ages—a spiritual reservoir of unplumbed depth, which all can tap at will.

Also, for a comparative newcomer to SAI—(member of Beta Omega, founded only three years ago)—my first real experience with the far-reaching and profound meaning of our 'sisterhood' was brought home to me in many ways I could not otherwise have known. And I know, throughout my life, this particular feeling I have gained will remain something very special and precious, in the truest sense of that word. The best I can wish for all my friends—SAI and others—is a similar experience to ours—this wondrous past summer of 1957.

WILLOW

By Catherine Pigeon

*The willow grows in evening light.
Its feathered branches tremble to breezes slight.
Its threadlike leaves, downward bent,
Mourn the loss, of sunlight spent.*

The Good and the Beautiful

By Barbara Sullivan

The search for the beautiful in its practical and speculative aspects, in nature and in art, is as fascinating as the quest for the Fountain of Youth—and as elusive, if we are to judge by the conflicting reckonings made by men of all ages. Learned men of every age have spent their lives discussing, arguing, and formulating theories as to a definition of beauty. Even today, in our own time men are still discussing, debating, and trying to formulate some kind of a concrete definition of beauty. So far none has been found.

Yet whenever men discuss beauty, the word, good, inevitably crops up. The line of demarcation between the provinces of the beautiful and the good is elusive, and has presented an insoluble difficulty to the intellects of ancient and modern times. For there is a close relationship between the spheres of the beautiful and the good.

To illustrate this point we may conceive a twofold relation of the subject to an object. First, the object may appeal simply as the goal of a desire, the intellect apprehending it as good, the will seeking to acquire it. Secondly, the object may appeal as an end in itself, the intellect satisfied by mere contemplation of the object and the will satisfied in the activity of the perceptive faculties without any concern for the possession of the object. In the last set of circumstances the object is considered as an object of beauty, while in the former it assumes the aspect of the good.¹

These concepts of the good and the beautiful were so inseparably linked in Greek theory and art that Socrates welded them together in a single term, *Kalokagathia* (having the character of goodness and/or beauty). It is easy to understand the reasons which lie behind this confusion of ideas, since these two concepts are so intimately connected with one another that it requires a master mind to fix their points of agreement and distinction.²

The logical mind of St. Thomas Aquinas could not accept the theory of Socrates on the oneness of beauty and goodness, and so he was forced to formulate one of his own. It is considered by most learned people to be sound, although many will not agree with it in its entirety. In this paper I would like to discuss this theory of St. Thomas' concerning the beautiful and the good. Since it would be impossible to exhaust the subject in my paper I will only take two main points: the point Thomas feels proves that the good and the

¹Leonard Callahan, *A Theory of Esthetic According to the Principles of St. Thomas Aquinas* (Washington, D.C.: Catholic University of America Press, 1947), p. 76.

²Dewitt H. Parker, "Aesthetics," *Encyclopedia of the Arts* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1946), p. 16.

beautiful are in agreement and the point Thomas feels proves that there is a definite distinction.

According to St. Thomas, "Beauty and good are fundamentally identical for they are based upon the same thing—the form. Consequently, goodness may rightly be praised as beauty."³ But he goes on to say immediately that they differ logically, for good properly relates to the appetitive faculties (good being what all men desire), and it therefore has the formal aspect of an end. But beauty on the other hand relates to the cognitive faculties. It is that which pleases when it is seen, and has, therefore, no end outside itself. As Emerson says, ". . . Beauty is its own excuse for being. . . ."⁴

In the above statements St. Thomas has laid down two propositions concerning the good and the beautiful. In the first he has said that they do not differ in the objective order, since they have a common foundation. Secondly however, he states, that though they are identical in the objective order, yet they are formally or mentally distinct. These two statements are the sum of St. Thomas' philosophy on the good and the beautiful, but in order to be fully understood they must be expanded.

In the first place, we have said that the beautiful and the good do not differ in the objective order, since they have a common foundation—the reality of things. They are in other words two attributes, two aspects of the same reality. But ultimately reality depends upon the form or structure of something for its existence. Therefore it is one and the same form which is both good and beautiful simultaneously. A thing is good, because by reason of its form it has the power to satisfy the inclination of a creature; beautiful, because the same form possesses that brilliance and splendor which can awaken the contemplation of the subject and produce a kind of complacency.⁵

An illustration may clarify this teaching. A minister of the altar may desire to obtain a precious chalice in order to carry out his religious ceremonies. The chalice thus assumes in his regard the aspect of a good, inasmuch as it is the object of a desire; but this goodness is due to its form by reason of which it is serviceable for liturgical purposes. The fact that it is desired in order to satisfy a need does not induce any change in its nature. An art collector, on the other hand, may wish to add this chalice to his treasures not that he may use it for religious purposes, but that he may enjoy its beauty. Again, it is the same form, the same essential principle, which is responsible for whatever the chalice possesses of beauty. But whether it be regarded as a good or as an object of beauty, objectively it is one and the same reality.⁶

³St. Thomas Aquinas, *The Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, Vol. I, q 5, art 4, Reply Obj. 1, (New York: Benziger Brothers, Inc., 1947).

⁴Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The Rhodora," *The Work of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, (New York: Walter J. Black Co., 1944), p. 107.

⁵Callahan, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

⁶Gerald Phelan, "The Concept of Beauty in St. Thomas," *Aspects of the New Scholastic Philosophy*, 1932, p. 35.

The second and most significant point in the argument of St. Thomas is this: Although these two attributes, beauty and goodness, are identical in the objective order, inseparable in reality, yet they are formally or mentally distinct. That is to say, the difference between beauty and goodness is not in the objective reality itself, but in the relation of that reality to the mind placed in contact with it.⁷ The beautiful is the good inasmuch as it affords contemplative delight apart from the desires of appropriation. "The beautiful is the same as the good, from which it is only mentally distinguished. For as the good is the object of all appetite, its nature is to give rest to the appetite."⁸ But the special nature of the beautiful is, that by its mere contemplation the appetite is set at rest; hence those senses which belong most to the cognitive order are most apt to perceive the beautiful, such as sight and hearing which especially minister to the reason. Therefore "... it appears that the beautiful adds to the notion of the good a peculiar relation to the cognitive powers, and that while good is that object which simply gratifies the appetite, the beautiful is that which gratifies by its mere apprehension."⁹

Good things, therefore, are those which give pleasure purely and simply to one or another of our inclinations; they are those things which please. Beautiful things, on the contrary, are those the contemplation of which pleases.¹⁰ The good corresponds to all our inclinations, to all our powers of desire, and satisfies them only when a union is effected between subject and object by possession. The beautiful is primarily concerned with the cognitive powers; it is for them a good which delights not by appropriation of the object contemplated, but by the mere fact of contemplation. Therefore the pleasure of the good is distinguished from the pleasure of the beautiful in this—that we obtain full enjoyment of a good only when we acquire possession of the good desired in its objectivity; but on the other hand we enjoy the beautiful by the simple contemplation of its perfection independently of the desire of appropriation. Beautiful things therefore, are indeed objects of desire and love, but the love which they provoke is disinterested and seeks only to brighten up contemplation.¹¹

To help illuminate this point we may take the following example: An artistically arranged banquet of rich food will appeal differently to the epicure and to the esthete; both will take delight in the banquet but from varied points of view. To the epicure the food appeals primarily as a good, and his desire is satisfied only when he obtains the object for himself. For the esthete the same table is an object of beauty; the mere fact of contemplation is all sufficient, since his

⁷Callahan, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

⁸St. Thomas Aquinas, *op. cit.*, S. T. I-II, q 27, art. 1, reply obj. 3.

⁹*Ibid.*, S.T. I-II, q. 27, art. 1, reply obj. 3.

¹⁰Callahan, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

¹¹Herbert Cory, *The Significance of Beauty in Nature and Art* (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co., 1947) p. 52.

complacency is derived from his admiration of the perfection of the work, abstracting from the desire of material possession.¹²

Using these two principles St. Thomas has shed some light upon the terms, beauty and good, especially in their philosophical relationships in the realm of art. But these principles are used merely as guides towards man's further quest for the final and definite answers to these problems. The quest still goes on and with each new discovery and principle concerning beauty and good, man's knowledge and appreciation of art is heightened. This in turn expands and enlightens his whole life.

¹²Callahan, *op. cit.*, p. 71.

TO AN UNBORN BABY

By Elsitá I. Pineda Adames

*I know that you will come
as flowers know the coming of spring.
I know it through the wind's silent flight across the sky;
through the murmur of the river on its path.*

*I know that you will come:
by the restless movement of the skirt
and the trembling of my hands
that stretch to shield your body.*

*Every instant in the slow clock of my expectation you are closer
and I feel the fire of your hour.*

*I know that you will come:
I feel the joy of God within my womb.*

Ominous Journey

By Margaret J. Lam

I remember only too well the meaning of war and disaster overwhelming the universe during the Second World War. It was a time of violence, darkness and vengeance. Those who went through it know hardship and danger.

It was on a cold December night of 1941 when the Japanese came to bomb the Hong Kong harbor, that I first understood what horror is. The noise made by the falling bombs and the destruction of the buildings, the fire, and the screaming of the people all happened at one time and still it echoes in my dreams. My family was fearful and undecided as to what course to follow when all this broke, but we realized escape was our only solution so the following night the ten members of my family were all set to go on this ominous journey, leaving our destiny in the hands of God. For the next four years we were forever on the go, our direction south into the mainland of China and our means of transportation everything except comfort. We walked, we were carried and we pushed. Thousands went the same way, the weak who were unable to go were left by the muddy wayside. Death was constant and horrifying, nothing could be done then but to step over the bodies, hundreds of them as they lay by the road although we felt that the danger was decreasing as we approached the southern tip of the country.

Early in the grey fog of morning after endless days of stumbling along paths and roadways, we arrived at the little village of Bard-Po and there our family, tired of running, running, decided to stay. Another factor in the decision was the illness of my grandmother who was suffering with typhoid and was absolutely unable to continue the journey. Many of those who had travelled thus far with us felt it unsafe to linger here and continued on their blind trek into more distant country.

Bard-Po is a village of about three hundred persons. The road that led to the place was muddy and in much need of repair; litter and trash strewn the road side. The villagers came out slowly one after another from their houses and stared at us with curiosity. The tired and disappointed expression on their faces already told half of the story about this village and its people. The construction of their homes was primitive, there was no school house nor church; this village was simply unvisited. We so felt its unfriendliness and insecurity that we did not know whom to ask for a place to stay. Not that we worried too much about it, as we had spent nights and days in the open and had gone through the cold wind in winter and the blazing sun in summer. But my grandmother was sick, and was running a high temperature; we needed a place for her to rest, until she recovered her strength.

At that moment, our attentions were attracted by a man sitting on the cold ground, his skinny body racked by coughing. I had seen men and women dying, wounded and sick but I hadn't seen any

person who had suffered as much as he did. Later he put one hand on his chest and the other to his white face. Blood was running from his mouth through the spaces between his fingers. My father, a medical doctor, knew that the man was in a serious condition, and ran up to get hold of him, reaching him as he collapsed. Slowly and carefully my father helped him to his house and told us to wait outside. The villagers now seeing that my father had gone inside, started to come steadily closer to us with their inquisitive looks. After a time, my father returned followed by a woman, whose face was so full of wrinkles that she appeared very old. She directed us to a nearby house where she said we could stay since no one was living there at that time.

The house was a two-storied wooden farm house which stood in the middle of a large fenced yard; beyond was a dense wood. Although the place did not look too bad outside, in fact it looked surprisingly good to us after not having lived in a house for years; as we walked into the building, we immediately got the smell of filth and unhealthy air. There was no furniture in those big dirty rooms. We thought that it must have been many long years since human beings had lived here. We opened the windows so the light and air would be able to come in, and just then we saw rats running desperately back to their holes.

We spent a whole week trying to clean the house; meanwhile we had to sleep on the floor with the rats boldly scuttling all over us. Day after day we had gone around to see more of the village and my father was busy visiting the sick. It did not take us long to find out that the whole village was overrun by tuberculosis. Every house had at least one member suffering from the infectious disease. The most important thing for us to do was to move the sick from their families so that the disease would not spread. The question that followed was where could we put them—for there was no hospital nor any sanitarium. A decision had to be made and finally my family moved upstairs and used our ground floor as a hospice. Within a few days, the place was so filled that there was hardly any space to walk. My parents and my cousins had to do their best to help. It was difficult as we did not have the necessary medicine or any equipment; furthermore, we did not even have beds for our patients. Their suffering was made worse by lack of hope of recovery, but it was even harder on our part to see our patients die one after another, and hear the moaning from downstairs when we went to sleep at night. Taking all these patients into our house did not mean that we could cure the disease, but that we could just hope to ease their pain a little, and most of all to prevent its spread. After a year had passed, we managed to gain the friendship of the villagers; in fact we found that actually they were very kind and friendly people. They did whatever we advised them to do for the prevention of the horrible disease. The number of patients in our house was decreasing and we were quite glad that the condition had improved somewhat.

This improved condition could not go on for long in time of war. One evening, a boy came running into our house, shouting loudly even before he reached us.

"Doctor, doctor, the enemies with guns and a thousand men—they are coming."

Before long the leader of the village came to our house. He kept taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face nervously. He told us to follow him and his people to their usual hiding place—a cave up on top of the mountain. We asked him what we should do with the sick. He said,

"We will leave them here, the enemies won't harm the sick, they would not kill any one who has no means of defense."

What innocent minds! My father said to them,

"Not the Japanese—they will slay them just the same as animals."

After a discussion we finally decided to carry the sick along with us. The strong were asked to carry them on their backs. Supplies of food were brought along too, as we did not know how long we should be up there. Within an hour, all the villagers had started to climb. I looked back towards the village. I could not tell the number nor what they were doing; it was nearly dark, for the moon was partly overcast and we were quite a distance away. My father immediately signaled to the people to crawl on as they could. It was difficult climbing for anyone since there was no pathway, but it was even harder for one who had to carry someone on his back. They took turns every now and then, so all the burden would not be on one person. For hours we were climbing. Many could not possibly go on, but the others must not stop.

The leader pointed ahead about fifteen yards to a footpath that led to a small opening between two rocks. A feeling of happiness and of triumph filled each of us. This opening was just enough for one person to pass through at a time and it led to a small passage. The inside was dark and smelled of musty air. There was a sudden coolness and a feeling of dampness all around. Ten minutes later, we saw some light in front of us and next we were in a big empty space. The light was coming in from a very small opening on top of the cave, which was impossible to use for a passage way. We were ordered to find a place and to sit down quietly. Everyone was silent then. Most of us tried to sleep. Our patients had the most difficult time. My father and our family were exhausted from the climb. The only sound was the heavy anxious breathing of the fugitives.

A few hours later, dawn filtered in through the hole above us and men were sent to see the condition of the village. Within the cave we found sorrow and death, for the climb had been too much for four of the patients. Excitement mounted when two men came dashing, breathless, trying to tell us something but unable to speak. They went directly over to the leader. One man tried to say what he knew in one breath; worry lines began to show on our leader's forehead, and without a word he walked to the centre of the group and began to address his people. He opened his mouth but no words came out.

His tongue was tight. We sensed the tenseness of the situation. He stood there for another moment, then he told us.

"The Japanese came to the village last night and burned it down. We have no homes."

It was as if buckets of ice water had suddenly poured down on us. Our leader hesitated and began to speak again, he said,

"Although the enemy has gone, yet it will not be safe to go down at once, we will wait till early tomorrow morning."

It was the next dawn when we began to climb down the mountain. This time the expression on our faces was not of fear but of sadness, not of hope but of despair. No words were said among us. From our height we were able to see the area of the village, only it was not a village any more. It was an area of flat black plain. No smoke rose from the rubble; just a heap of ashes and burnt wood was left. Our house was no exception; it, too, was razed to the ground. The rice fields were destroyed. There was simply nothing left for us. Our enemies had done their work of total destruction and had done it well.

It was impossible for my family to stay there any longer and there was nothing we could do to help. We would only be a burden on the people now, when food and water were practically non-existent, so we decided to leave our adopted village and again be on our way, journeying without a definite destination.

We passed through the huddled groups of horror-stricken people and trudged down their road of rubble and ashes. I looked back at the turn. That picture of wanton misery and of suffering imposed on my patient, enduring people will never leave my mind. God has His own way of dealing with His children, and these dear souls He has nailed to His cross of suffering.

WAITING

By Barbara Clem

*Something more than a shadow
is waiting for you—
Full of love, hope, and tenderness.*

*Something more than a shade
wishes to hear your voice—
Clear, loud, and true.*

*Something more than a phantom
seeks your aid—
To make Him known and heard.*

*Alone on the throne
unspoken to—unheard—
The Son of God awaits your word.*

THE FATHER OF THE LUNATIC BOY

By Wendy Freedman

*Seventy hours of waiting became as yesterday
As the distance shortened between You and my life—
Raging at my side.
I knew Your coming wasn't rumor,
But planned all along:
For everything is Now with You;
And though I desire impossibility, I ask only an instant—
You need no more.*

*In love You created two,
And in foresight, fathered law:
And never was need that lasted.
Yet, from love and within law arose this need of mine,
Not without purpose, I know,
For You did supply essentials,
And lest we weaken,
We were exercised with fear and sadness.*

*Oh, speaking to You now seems unnecessary:
We have proof of Your creation: the beauty
From Your being so near has never left—
Because You have not.
You would be surprised, if You could,
That I should ask for more,
But he is my only son.
Lord, help Thou my unbelief.*

CLOUDS

By Elsitā I. Pineda Adames

*Fearful clouds
—like little children peaking through keyholes—
—tiptoe on the carpet of the sky—
Awaiting the Creator's masterpiece—
the birth of a new day!*

An Open Letter To The Nobel Institute

By Wendy Freedman

Committee on Candidates for the Nobel Prize
The Royal Caroline Medico-Chirurgical Institute
Stockholm 60
Sweden

Gentlemen:

Practically every person, the world over, is aware of the Nobel prizes, given to acknowledge outstanding contributions in the field of physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and in promoting peace. I am sure, too, that most people know that the awards have been given every year since the death of Alfred Nobel, in 1895.

But I believe that few are aware of the preliminaries to choosing a Nobel candidate. The average person would hardly have reason for asking why a particular person was nominated to receive the award. This with very few exceptions, is due, I feel, to two reasons: first, the candidate's work speaks for itself; and second, publicity has made the work widely known. Both of these facts seem obvious preliminaries to the award.

And yet, I believe publicity has surprisingly overlooked a woman whose significant medical discovery is one of the most important of our century.

The Nobel prize is known to be presented to any person—and given without restriction. Could it, therefore, be given as a posthumous award? And if so, Gentlemen—have you considered the eligibility of Sr. Marie Suzanne Novial, S.M.S.M., of Lyons, France?

The setting which this woman chose for her life's work marks her immediately as a person of no ordinary strength. When Sister decided to work with patients afflicted with leprosy, she was walking into one of the most discouraging and, understandably, repellant fields of medicine. Because she did walk there, instead of remaining outside in despair of what has been feared since the science of disease began, there is now hope. And for the very first time.

No other illness has ever had a history of so much futile research, and so dreaded a place of distinction. Its clinical picture appears to be just as discouraging as its social negative. Leprosy is a chronic, infectious disease caused by the leprosy bacillus. Because its course lies dormant for so long—extending sometimes to years before discovery—the way it is conveyed is a mystery. The nature of the initial lesion is also unknown. The bacilli multiply enormously after they have once entered the body, and have been found in practically every organ. Although this disease affects the whole body, the skin and nerves are particularly involved. Research on leprosy has been greatly hindered, because investigators have been unable to transmit the disease to any animal, or to any artificial culture successfully.

Until fairly recently, its prognosis was discouraging. Occasionally, a patient recovers spontaneously. (Needless to say, such a cure is extraordinary—but the unusual is common with leprosy.) There is dissension about what constitutes a “cure” for the disease, because even when all outward symptoms have disappeared, the bacilli have still been discovered by autopsy, in deep-seated organs of the body. Usually, however, it is considered reasonable to assume that a patient has recovered if no leprosy can be found in any accessible part of the body, over a period of two years. On this basis, hundreds of recoveries have been pronounced—although relapses do occur.

So far, the most important single therapeutic advance for this disease has been in the introduction of new drugs. Sulfones have largely replaced the ancient and poorly effective chaulmoogra oil. Recently, the discovery of Chauvire, aided by antibiotics, is on its way to take the place of the sulfone drugs.

The estimated world total affected by leprosy (or Hansen’s Disease, as it is also called) is between three and five million cases. Although found throughout the world at one time, today it has been confined almost altogether to the tropics and subtropical zones.

It was in the tropics that Sister Suzanne began her study, with the impossible goal of discovering an agent that might more effectively fight the overwhelming sufferings and disfigurement she found around her, in every imaginable form. To this study she dedicated her life.

Her research began in Makogai, in the Fiji Islands, in 1909. Twenty-five years later, she brought her research with her, on her return to her home in Europe. But her work was only beginning. Within five years of her return, Sister had established a clinic and research laboratory in Lyons, France.

The hardships in beginning her small laboratory would have defeated any ordinary person. But Sister Suzanne was no ordinary person, with no ordinary goal—and she was used to enduring hardships. So, with the greatest hope, she started her laboratory after the War—her only equipment a broken microscope, five dollars, and her Bishop’s blessing. (“But,” she was quick to add, “it was a good one!”)

Sister was by no means alone in her work. Every merit she received was extended to include any person who had helped her in the slightest way. An average day in her laboratory speaks for itself: it included a worldwide correspondence, the editing of a bulletin of information to keep isolated missionaries and medical workers informed and up to date on the progress being made, training of future workers in the field of tropical disease; there were visitors coming at every hour in the day, and trips to Paris, Rome, Geneva, and even to the United States—in connection with her work. Yet, all of these took second place to the work which could not stop—research and the preparation of cultures. And by no means last in the order of importance, came Sister Suzanne’s religious duties, as a member of the Marist congregation.

Official medical and scientific records, pertaining to the experiments which Sister performed, have been printed. I shall attempt no detailed explanation here—of a subject to which a layman could hardly do justice. I think it far more important to tell you some of the results—which forty-seven years devoted to one goal have yielded:

- A. The Antigen Marianum S.M.S.M. (as a therapeutic),
- B. The Vaccine Anti-leprosy S.M.S.M. (as a preventive agent—which has brought about an astounding reaction: one formerly seen only in a person immune through recovery from the disease itself),
- C. The Marianine S.M.S.M. (for testing purposes),
- D. The Lepromine (a product still in process at the time of Sr. Suzanne's death).

The first three products have been granted official recognition.

Another official record of Sister's work is a book presenting the work effected on the bacillus marianum, as a specifically recognized germ. This book was prepared in collaboration with Professor Penso, a Roman scholar of the Instituto Superiore di Sanita, and written with the intention of presenting to Pope Pius XII an account of the work done in Lyons.

Death interfered with this plan, and Sister Suzanne did not go to Rome. She died on November 12, 1957, without regaining consciousness, after surgery for a frontal brain tumor.

This nun left behind her the work of genius: her gift to her God, and to the afflicted of the world. She had done her part with both gifts. It now becomes our responsibility and privilege to heed her last request: "Don't give up the laboratory."

Behind Sister's plea is another facet of this heroic story. Sister Suzanne declined numerous requests from pharmaceutical houses for her products, because before anything else, she wanted to be able to supply the leprosaria of the world with free antigen and vaccine.

Practically speaking, this desire can only be effected by sufficient funds. Success in this goal will depend mainly, therefore, on how deeply the people of the world feel the importance of her cause.

If you should find her eligible, Gentlemen, the Nobel prize, second to none, could bring immeasurable assistance to this woman. If you consider Sister Suzanne's work worthy of recognition, could the fact alone of her death render her ineligible for the award in medicine? For, the work which Sister began is still going on. Up to March, 1958, 460,000 packages of vaccine have been sent out.

As I mentioned earlier in this letter, the meager publicity that Sister Suzanne has received is astonishing. I am saying this, however, with reserve, for I am speaking from only one viewpoint—that of an American college student. But what an example this woman has set for students: the only formal medical degree which she held was a diploma in practical nursing.

"If she was great in life, even greater was she in death," one

of her Sisters stated. "All along, she considered herself to be merely an instrument of God. 'If He thinks I have finished my work, let God take me,' she said."

But we are still here.

DESERTED

By Ann Riordan

*Old tree, why do you stand alone,
there in the gray,
unbearing land?*

*You are thirsty, for your body
is tortured.
Your thread-like form is
dusty, stunted.*

*Do you sometimes wish
for golden flowers,
for feathery greenness?*

MY LIGHT

By Sharon Feeker

*I touch your face.
I feel your warmth.
My son, I cannot see.*

*I gave you life.
You give me sight.
I see through you,
My son.*

Janie

By Joyce Smith

I'm just an average man—I own my own home, have a new car, I don't beat my wife, and I gave my children a wonderful education. Yes, we are the average American family, or were, that is, until my youngest daughter got married. Then my wife and I were again alone. I suppose I shouldn't blame my wife for changing our "usual home life" into bedlam. But let me tell you about Janie.

My wife has been the best mother our two children could ever ask for. She seems to have a special knack for children. You know what I mean—the kids would fall down or something and she always knew just what to do and when. Maybe that's why her idea seemed pretty good to me, an idea that I'm sure marriage-counselors, family advisers, and even psychologists would frown upon. My wife was going back to teaching! Like I said before, it seemed like a good idea to me, so my wife went down to our parish school and came home with the job of trying to ram something into the heads of sixty-three third graders. I had great confidence in Janie. After all, if she could raise two wonderful girls, she could certainly baby-sit with sixty-three. This was just the beginning. Like to hear the rest of the story?

It was an ordinary September day—foggy, smoggy, and hazy. I got up at my usual hour and went through my usual rituals of washing and shaving. I opened the door into the kitchen, and that was the end of my "usual day." There was my wife sitting at the kitchen table finishing her third cup of coffee. She had a book propped up against the toaster, and she was hastily scribbling down notes on a scratch-pad. They surely must make those third grade books interesting—it was five minutes before she even noticed me. That was the day I seemed to turn into a do-it-yourself husband. But, like I told myself as I stood on the corner waiting for my first bus ride in twenty years, things would get better. What could I expect, it was just the first morning.

That night Janie picked me up from work, and I must admit, she looked like she had aged ten years, but, being the wonderful and thoughtful wife that she is, she had the evening all planned for us. We were going to go out to eat (we don't do that often). And that was just what we did. Nine little boy scouts, about ten giddy high school girls, and my wife and I all dined together. My, those 19¢ hamburger places do a wonderful business!

I looked forward to the week-end. At last we could both relax. How wrong could a man be? I spent my Saturday cleaning house, hanging up clothes, and washing dishes, while Janie worked on lesson-plans, charts, and maps. But that Sunday, oh, what a wonderful day. What other man in the state of California spent his Sunday trying to figure out sixty-three children's averages and correcting their papers?

I certainly hope I don't sound like I'm complaining. After all, everyone can live without a few home cooked meals now and then, can't he?

I took my vacation the last week of September. During this week I called for Janie every afternoon. One day she was delayed in her room, so I took a short tour through the school yard. Mrs. Hansen, the fifth-grade teacher whom I had met before, had yard duty. They certainly don't make teachers like they used to. Mrs. Hansen was an elderly lady with bright red hair and a dress ten years too young for her. As we stood there talking, I noticed some of the kids playing on the monkey-bars. They were doing all sorts of tricks, and with every trick I got more gray hairs.

"Don't you think those kids should get off the monkey-bars? Why, they could fall off and really hurt themselves."

"Mr. Barton," she said in a voice, I suppose, approximate to her fifth grade, "how long has it been since you raised your children?"

"Nineteen years, but . . ."

"Well, then, don't you think I know what I'm doing? After all, I work with children every day. It's my job! When I see something that's dangerous for the children, I'll warn them."

Like I said before, they sure don't make 'em like they used to. I almost prayed one of the kids would break his neck.

On my last day of vacation I was out mowing the lawn when the phone rang. The front door being locked, I rushed around to the back door and finally answered it. It was one of Janie's pupils mother, and she was pretty perturbed about something. Her little Jerry had been talking in the class line the previous day. Janie took him out of line and told him to stand against the wall until he learned to be quiet. It was very windy that day, so she took the class inside. They had been in the room for about an hour when my wife noticed that Jerry was missing. (Need I say more?) My wonderful Janie, the one who has such a knack for children! I simply told her to call back at 4:00 when she could talk to the child-beater herself.

Janie and I have gained a closer relationship since she has been working. Now we act as a team—she calls the signals and I do the work, and many a good laugh we have over it all! You're probably wondering if I'm going to let my wife work again next year. Well, of course I'm going to let her work. After all, what good is a home if it's just an average American home? Some of us have to rise above this standard. By the way, in case I forgot to tell you, I'm going to start teaching religion classes on Saturdays, myself. You know the old saying: "If you can't beat them, join them!"

Don't Pity Me

By Sharon Feeker

My name is Chuck Stevens. I've had four years of college. The day after graduation, I received a letter with the friendly salutation, "Greetings." What happened after that fateful day is still a blur in my mind. But, here I am a second lieutenant in the Marines, stationed at one of those famous bases along the beautiful California coastline. Marital status? Well—let me explain first.

The base can get mighty dull, especially during the summer. So, for a couple of weeks, I had been making a point of improving my tan and getting in a good swim for exercise. It was on one of these excursions that I first saw her. I was trudging through the damp sand towards the water when I heard a bark. Down from the rocks jutting out from the shore, scrambled this little terrier. He scampered up to me and pranced about my legs and barked. I ruffled his fur, and at the same time glanced up towards the rocks. I had thought I was the only bather in the cove, but, there she was, sitting up there looking out to sea. Her short, brunette hair blew softly away from her face. Now I'm not one to miss a chance to meet a beautiful girl. Using the puppy as an excuse I tagged along. He ran ahead of me and jumped into her lap.

As I neared, I could hear her say, "Where did you go, you little rascal? Probably chasing the seagulls again. What would I do without you?"

The puppy barked again when I came up behind the girl and I said, "Hello! I don't believe I've ever seen you around here before. My name's Chuck Stevens. I'm stationed at the base across the highway."

She gave a startled jump at the sound of my voice and slowly answered, "I'm Lisa O'Brien. I used to come down here quite often when I was a child. I-I remember how peaceful and lovely it was."

All the time she was speaking she kept staring out to sea.

"Well now isn't this just great," I said, as I chose a rock to sit on near her. "It gets sort of lonely having to swim by myself," I continued. "Say, how about going in for a dip now?"

She hesitated a moment before she answered slowly, "No, the tide's too low to go in swimming now."

With surprise, I glanced quickly at the waves breaking on the shore and answered, "But the tide's at its highest now, that's why I always come at this time!"

"Oh?" she said nervously.

She still hadn't turned around and I was a little irked. So, after looking at the sea and deciding that there was nothing out there of particular interest, I said, "Say, what's so interesting? You've been staring out there ever since I got here."

She quickly dropped her head and said coldy, "I'm sorry if I was rude."

"Well, I can see you want to be alone, Miss O'Brien," I said as I stood up to leave. "So, I'll leave you and pooch here to your horizon gazing."

For the first time she turned in my direction and stood up. She thrust out her hand as if to reach for something, and pleaded, "Please, don't leave. It's just that—."

I gazed into her beautiful brown eyes and moved towards her. But something was wrong. She was speaking to me but her steady, unblinking gaze was still on the spot I had just left.

"Hey," I said jokingly, "I'm right here, can't you—?" I stopped short, for her eyes were full of tears and I suddenly realized how blind I had been. "I'm sorry," I apologized, "I didn't realize that you were,—or rather, you really can't tell that—."

"Blind! Go ahead, say it, I'm blind, blind!" she cried bitterly.

Helplessly, I watched as she covered her face with her hands and broke into heart-breaking sobs. When she stopped she dried her eyes with the towel I handed her and said, "I'm sorry. It's just so hard to get used to all the darkness and the pity. It all happened so suddenly—." Her voice trailed off as she groped for her things. "I'd better be going now."

"May I take you wherever you're going? My car's right above us on the bluff," I said.

"Thank you, no," she replied. "I've only a little way to go and Pogo is a wonderful little guide dog."

"Well, then, will I see you again? Will you come back here?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know—maybe," was her reply.

With this, she started to climb down the rocks to the beach. I hesitated to help her for I knew she wanted no pity. Watching her, I decided that she didn't need any help, for her footing was quite sure as she made her way downward.

Well, the rest of the week I returned to the same spot hoping to find Lisa but, each time, I met with disappointment. I was beginning to think that she'd never return, and I could have kicked myself for not finding out where she lived. But all this was forgotten on the fifth day after our meeting when she at last returned to the cove.

She was cheerful on this occasion and promised to return the next day. She joined me there every day after that for three weeks. During this time she told me of her recent automobile accident which had caused her loss of sight. At the time of the accident she had been engaged to a young lawyer but, when an eye operation proved unsuccessful, he broke their engagement. She explained that it was right after this, that we first met at the cove.

By this time, I had grown to love Lisa but, I knew it was not yet time to tell her so. I was afraid of two things; she might regard my love as pity and I was not sure that she loved me.

One afternoon, we met as usual on the beach. Right away, I sensed that something was worrying her.

"Chuck," she said slowly, "I think it would be best if we'd stop

seeing each other." This was the last thing I expected but, when I started to protest, she went on. "Please, don't argue. I just know it's for the best."

"Listen Lisa darling. I don't know what put this crazy idea into your head. I love you. Loved you right from the first. Why, if you left me now, it would be like—like cutting off my arm."

"Or losing your eyesight," she mocked. "No, Chuck, I'm no use to anyone, but don't pity me." She extended her hand towards me and said, "So, now's as good a time as any to any goodbye."

I felt as if I'd been slapped in the face. Had I been a blind fool, or was this all an act? "Oh Lisa," I cried, and tried to draw her to me, but she brushed past me and fled up the beach. I let her go, for I knew I had just been given the grand "brush off."

Ten long and lonely days went by. Part of this time I was out on maneuvers with my platoon, but Lisa was constantly in my thoughts.

The night we returned to the base I decided to drive out to the cove. I had just received my orders and as I sat in the car, I made up my mind that, no matter what the cost, I was going to find Lisa before I left.

Locating her home was not as difficult as I had expected. There was only one blind girl in that area, and the village barber, who knew everything about everyone, said the colonel, her father, was a regular customer of his. I was rather surprised to learn that her father was a colonel. I didn't recall a Colonel O'Brien at the base.

That evening I followed the barber's direction and soon found myself driving along the cliff road above the beach. About half a mile from our cove, I came upon a small sign that read "O'Brien" and pointed down a steep, narrow road that ran towards the beach; I turned into this side road and, two hundred feet later, I saw a beach cabin with bay windows on the side facing the ocean. Lights were on in the front part of the house when I knocked at the door.

A tall, strong looking man with iron-gray hair opened the door. "Yes?" he asked.

"I'd like to see Lisa O'Brien, if I may, sir."

He looked at me quizzically and then after a moment's hesitation, he smiled, and opening the door, said, "Of course, won't you come in?" Motioning towards a chair, he added, "Whom should I say is calling?"

"Chuck—er, Lieutenant Chuck Stevens," I replied.

"Oh, so you're the young lieutenant of whom Lisa speaks so often." He extended his hand and said, "I'm Colonel O'Brien, Lisa's father."

"I'm pleased to meet you, sir," I said, as we shook hands.

"Are you stationed at the Marine base near here?" he asked.

"San Onofre, sir."

"Fine base. We have some of the best personnel there," the colonel said. "I was stationed there before my retirement, you know."

"I'm afraid I didn't, sir, you see I've only been there for six months."

"I see. Well, it's a fine base, fine base," he repeated. "I'll tell Lisa that you're here."

As he left, I glanced around the room. Everything neat and in its place, a typical modern beach home. The view through the bay window was an artist's dream. Too bad Lisa can't enjoy its beauty, I thought. Through an open doorway I could see part of the kitchen. Some dishes were on the sink and a dish towel laid on top of them as if tossed there in a hurry.

Colonel O'Brien returned then and said, "Lisa seems to have gone. She may have taken a walk down on the beach. If you don't mind waiting she'll probably be back soon. Care for a drink?"

"If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to try to find her. It's quite important that I do."

"Why certainly, son. Here, you might as well go out the back door, it's closer. Those steps there will take you right down to the beach." He said this as he pointed towards a wooden staircase that led down the cliff to the beach below.

I had a hard time finding Lisa for it was dark and I was unfamiliar with that section of the beach. I had a hunch that she might have headed for our cove. It was really little Pogo who first found me. He barked, and scampered up to me. "Hiya, fello. Where's you-know-who?" Pogo whined and ran up the beach a ways. I followed him until I came upon Lisa lying in the sand, crying. "Lisa?" I said.

Startled she raised her head and said, "Chuck?"

"Yes, darling. Your dad said I'd find you here." I sat down on the sand beside her and asked, "Why so sad?"

"You shouldn't have come," she said. "I told you it was no good."

"Is that why you're crying and why you left your dishes in such a hurry?" I asked. "Lisa, please marry me. I don't love a pair of eyes. I love you for what you are: a sweet, wonderful girl whom I'd be proud to have as my wife. Can't you understand that?"

Slowly she turned and faced me. "Pete, look at me. No, into my eyes. I'm seeing you now for the first time. I see a sweet, handsome, young man I love very, very much. And with whom I hope to spend the rest of my life."

"Lisa, honey, are you serious?"

"I've never been more serious. You see, darling, I didn't want pity. I knew that if you really wanted me, a blind girl, for your wife that you would find me again. I didn't want to tell you that I was going to have another eye operation in case it failed. They removed the bandages yesterday Chuck. I can see again! I can *see*!"

Well, that's about the whole story. Marital status will be taken care of next Saturday at St. John's Church.

My Aunt Esther

By Catherine Pigeon

"But Mother, nobody gives a dinner in the kitchen."

"And why not, Esther?" said my grandmother with surprise in her voice.

"It just isn't done."

Grandmother had invited Aunt Esther's friends to dinner, without her consent. I was visiting with my parents at the old family home. I was in the front seat at a drama that was to unfold before my very eyes. Aunt Esther had been away for five years. She had returned with her husband Bill in their big car. California had changed Esther.

"But Esther, we are using the dining room for a bed-room, as you know."

"Mother, Mary Ellis and her husband will be shocked; you just can't do it."

I realized my aunt's embarrassment. For the past five years she had been writing home to her old school girl friend telling of her life in Santa Cruz, California. We lived in a small town called Stratford in the Province of Ontario, Canada. I was seventeen at the time, and the visit of Aunt Esther and her husband caused a lot of excitement. Aunt Esther resembled my grandfather. He was of French-Canadian descent. His people had come from Quebec. French-Canadians have a warm friendly personality. Esther was like my grandfather. She could charm the world with her quick witty speech.

Esther's marriage had been really beautiful. She and Bill were married at a nuptial Mass before the high altar of our parish church. Bill had been a convert to the faith and so the ceremony was performed in the church. I felt the pride and joy in my grandmother's voice as she hugged and kissed her daughter at the church door after the ceremony. That day the couple left for California. Uncle Bill's folks had asked him to return to his old home. He had had a difficult time in his youth. His father had been divorced and Bill had been sent to Buffalo, New York, to be raised by a minister, an uncle on his mother's side of the family. How he ended up over in Stratford, Ontario, I never heard. There he had learned a trade as master mechanic which helped him establish himself in the automobile business in California.

California had been kind to them and in five years they were able to return to the family home in Canada in a new car. We thought they had driven an amazing distance. The bright California license plates on the big car in front of the house were a mark of distinction. They were the subject of conversation in the neighborhood for days. We listened in awe as the wonders of California were described. Santa Cruz with its flowers and beautiful homes, and the blue Pacific were all part of the panorama that was unfolded before us. The trip through the mountains was a feat of skill and the trip across the desert from Salt Lake City frightened us.

"What if you had run out of water?" I asked.

"Don't worry; we didn't, but others did and their cars can be seen abandoned by the roadside on the white sands of that great hot desert."

Aunt Esther did the talking. She had lost the Canadian pronunciation of such words as "out" and "about." To our surprise she gave these words the "ow" sound used by Americans. We listened enthralled as she said "*Out* in California there is so much to see everywhere *about* you." The Canadians would say it more like "*Oot* in California there is so much to see everywhere *about* you."

Uncle Bill listened as his beloved Esther extolled the marvels of his native land. Every now and then he would add something to her exaggerations. She would give him a sharp look with her large black French eyes and with a quick laugh would continue her tale.

I started to tell you about the dinner grandmother wanted to give Aunt Esther's old girl friend, Clara Ellis. When the older children of the family had left home, grandmother had turned part of the big house into an apartment. In the change-over the family dining room had disappeared. Her big kitchen was plenty big enough for a large dinner party. But California had come to Canada. Aunt Esther was determined to impress her old girl friend with the manners and customs of California. Her honor was at stake. I guess I'll never forget the look of despair on my grandmother's face when Esther disputed her ability to give a dinner party in her big kitchen. She just couldn't find words to overcome the fierce pride engendered in the soul of her daughter by five years' residence in the fabulous state of California. Without a word Grandmother started upstairs to bed. I knew she was fighting hard to hold back the tears until she would reach the refuge of her bedroom before letting the flood pour forth. I guess I was overcome by the sight of grandmother's grief.

"Aunt Esther," I said, "I hope you are satisfied. You have come twenty-eight hundred miles to break your mother's heart. It would have been kinder to have stayed in that wonderland of California where dinners are always served in beautiful dining rooms."

"Oh, Cathie, I didn't realize what I was doing," she cried. She was up the stairs in a bound. I heard the sobs of my grandmother gradually subside to the tearful apologies of my Aunt Esther.

The next day the table was set in the kitchen. The best silver we had, the whitest table cloth, the tallest glasses—everything was there on the table. Grandmother cooked a choice roast of beef, with baked potatoes, and brown gravy. At last the guests arrived. Bill and Esther welcomed them as royalty. Mary Ellis, now Mrs. Roy Maxwell, and her husband, a young police officer from Windsor, were the object of these preparations. My father's brother, Harry, and Uncle Bill had no sooner met Roy Maxwell when they disappeared in search of a drink. They left at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The dinner was set for four o'clock.

Aunt Esther and her old chum gossiped for half an hour and then began to look for the men. They were not to be found. Four o'clock came. The roast was ready; the table was set, but half of the visiting party and the uncle from California along with uncle Harry were

missing. Four-thirty came; then five o'clock; then five-thirty; then six o'clock, but still the men did not appear. My Aunt Esther's temperature arose with the passing of time. My grandmother waited with a Mona Lisa smile on her lips. Mrs. Maxwell was apologetic at first then ashamed. Finally she admitted that her husband was a drinker and would probably be back only when the bars had run dry.

I was awakened about one o'clock in the morning to the sounds of an argument at the front door. It was Roy Maxwell, returning with my uncles, in an inebriated condition, to the dinner party, just seven hours late.

I never heard the details of the aftermath of the day of the "Mary Ellis dinner" but the memory of it will remain with me a long time. I will always be able to see the humble look that remained in the proud French eyes of my California Aunt Esther the last few weeks of her visit with her folks at the old family home.

BOY AND MAN

By Dorothy Schaefer

*You are my friend, good poplar tree;
You hold my secrets faithfully.
I build my castles in your top
And sit and lick my lollipop.
You hold my forts, they never fall.
They are so strong and firm and tall.
I sit upon your limbs at noon
And launch my ships up to the moon.
We are great pals—just you and me.
Keep my secrets: one—two—three.*

* * *

*In innocence, play on, sweet boy,
Believe that this is endless joy.
Divulge your secrets to the tree.
The dreams of youth are ever free.
Too soon you'll know the shocking fact
That only trees will keep your pact.*

Circulation

By Sheila Farnam

The papers were always late. We knew all the reasons but it was three in the morning and we each had districts to cover. If the truck didn't come soon we wouldn't get the papers to the carriers on time and the retired people would be standing outside their trailers with little gardens in front, making the carriers nervous with their complaints. So we kept asking George, the office manager, to call L.A. and find out the excuse.

George worked for the corporation all the time. He tried to get money in from the districts telling us to ride hard on the carriers to collect up their books. He never wanted to call when the papers were late because it was a thirty-cent call. As it got later, we kept riding him to call and get the excuse; the presses broke down or someone forgot to gas the truck, or the folding machine broke down. There were three of us; old Ralph Livray who had retired from circulation on a Hearst paper in Chicago, then went broke at Del Mar and had to go back to work again. He was a gray haired man about sixty-five with glasses, slightly stooped. He drove an old '42 Plymouth, with the back seat pulled out so he could fit a thousand papers in back. Sunday papers, he had to tie on the fenders of the car and pull out half the front seat. We watched him leave like a little old man sitting on a cart of hay, waiting for him to break a spring.

I was working in circulation because the cold current ruined the fishing and I couldn't get any other kind of job. George began to get on me because my district was running a balance. If the carriers didn't pay me, I let it run until next week. George didn't like that. He wanted those books clean every week. George, who was only a few years older than I, had worked as an auditor for a chain of shoe stores, then came to California. His wife was a nurse and worked too. They wanted ten thousand, cold, clear, cash, before any babies arrived. Some nights when we got in early, hoping the truck might surprise us and show on time, I talked to George. He tried to give me advice on working for a corporation; how no one really owned it like a little company and you just watch your step and move right along in line. Watching your step meant not fighting about news coverage for your district, nor getting involved in anything or with anyone but your job, so you could always do what you had to do. He had a lot of talk like this while he checked through his Office Paid slips about how safe it was to work for a corporation, he made it sound as safe as a baby in his mother's womb.

Each week, Ralph gave him a check for his district and George stamped it Payable to Times Publishing Corporation very happily and he always told me this as he began on me about my district, so I had to tell him I won't eat newspapers for anyone.

I kept asking why he didn't call. He just looked down at some slips on his desk, getting very red. Ralph told him we'd go over to

the diner and when the papers came he could call us. George picked up the phone. He didn't like to be the only one there when the truck came, because he'd have to help unload it. We waited and George turned from the phone and said surlily, "The truck left twenty minutes ago." He wrote the call down on a little pad.

Ralph and I stood outside. Carlos, the Greek, was just letting out some after-hours customers from his bar next door. When you work nights you notice that all the people coming out of a tavern, look sad. Maybe it is the green neon sign in front of our office, or the way husbands and wives stand around as if they don't want to go home. If the truck comes in they get in the way and stand and make comments as if throwing around bundled papers were playing a game. Late one morning a woman in her forties stood swaying, a lock of gray brown hair hanging on her forehead, her mouth drunk-slack, watching the bundles being tossed from the truck, saying over and over, "So that's where the morning papers come from."

Ralph and I stood outside. He was telling me stories of how it was when he worked for Willie Hearst in Chicago. Ralph had a different idea about working for corporations. He had to know the name of the boss so it was always Willie Hearst's papers, or now he'd talk about giving Norm Chandler a good days work. Maybe that was how the old timers were. They didn't like the idea of working for just a name, a lifeless something. This morning he told me he was losing a carrier.

I asked if he had anyone to replace him and he said he would carry the route himself. I noticed the rear left tire was flat and helped him put on the spare. I was thinking how tough it was that Ralph had to work like this when in the east he had been a circulation manager and how many people should maybe stay home, where their roots are deep rather than move just to be warmer in winter and then feel lost.

It was foolish for Ralph to try to run a route himself but maybe he was forced to do it just to prove he could. We changed the flat and watched the old man from the Protection Service trying the doors of some of the stores.

The truck pulled around the corner, drove into the bus depot and parked across the wide street against the curb outside the office. Big John, the driver, swung down from the cab, a brown envelope under his arm. George took the envelope from him. Big John was muttering, "Late—late. What's a matter, ya not yellin' late again."

He dropped down the back of the truck and began to throw down the bundles. I stacked the bundles near my truck. I was taking sixteen hundred papers to San Diego County. I would drop them off to carriers and dealers all the way down the coast. Two of Ralph's carriers came to pick up their own papers. They knelt on the sidewalk in front of the bar and began rolling the papers putting rubber bands on them. Three drunks came around the corner from the other side of the closed bar. They still had glasses of whiskey in their hands—well dressed young business men drunks. I started

to go inside to wrap and tie my dealers' papers. One of the drunks stopped me. "Putting the papers to bed?"

I didn't answer the silly, Junior Chamber, clean cut, bastard. The three followed me inside. I ignored them and began wrapping the papers. George was talking to Ralph in the back. I had to go in to get some string. The check Ralph had given him the Friday before had bounced. George was as green as the junior Chamber boys in the doorway. Ralph was angry. George kept raving over and over, "What'll I tell Burns when I go down in the morning." Ralph pulled out an old black wallet and opened it. It was crowded with yellow papers, some bills and some checks. "I just never put these checks in yet. I'll make it good in the morning." I took some string and said to George, "It must happen all the time, George, that's why the banks have those forms printed."

Big John was standing in the doorway yelling, "I don't unload by myself."

Ralph put his wallet back in his coat pocket and they went to unload Ralph's papers. I stood and finished tying the dealers' papers. The Junior Chamber boys came over and started asking questions. They were on a Household Finance Company convention and one of them wanted to show the others how effective their advertising was. "Who would you go to if you needed money?"

Ralph had come in and was tying his dealers' papers in bundles. I said irritably to Junior Chamber—"I'd ask a friend."

"What if you have no friend alive?"

"If I have no friends alive brother, I'm dead."

I said it good and final. He was asking Ralph. He stopped tying the bundles. "It's probably like young Luke said. Without friends you're dead." George hurried in with his flat-footed shuffle, "Ralph, you'll take care of that first thing in the morning, won't you?"

I started to carry the dealers' papers to the car and said to him, "Crawl in one of your desk drawers and die, George."

The Household Finance man was trying to follow this. He said to George quickly, "If you needed to borrow money, where would you go?"

"My wife and I don't believe in being either borrower or lender."

I heard the three Household Finance men groaning at this and mumbling about not advertising in our paper.

I was late leaving Long Beach and couldn't make the time up on 101. All my carriers were retired people who delivered the newspapers from cars. I would have to listen to their complaints about the papers being late and give them any new starts that had been phoned in and get away from them as fast as I could. I knew after three stops I'd have to go back for more papers because everyone was increasing his draw. I started to give them the dealers' papers and drove back to the office about seven. George was getting his report ready for L.A. I took another hundred papers. George had begun to tell me all over again about the check when the cops came and told us they found Ralph dead in his car on the beach. We went over to identify him. He had delivered his papers, then pulled up

facing the ocean and shot himself through the heart.

George finally spoke, "You see how he did it—so his wallet pocket got messed up. If he held the gun the other way, it would have been much better for the corporation."

George and I rode back together to the office. I was thinking maybe Ralph thought what he was always saying, "A corporation isn't a live thing," and maybe what I said too—"If you have no live friends you're dead."

SATURDAY MORNING LAZINESS

By Miriam Tse

*The sun
Has risen long ago.
I am still
In the world of dreams.*

*Contentment lies
In the hollow
Of my pillow.
Why stir myself
In the world of men?*

I WILL REFRESH YOU

By Mary Machling

*A beckoning light flickers
In a chapel lit with fire
Warm arms of silence
Embrace a kneeling form.*

*A silent Host listens
The heart unburdens its sorrow.*

A GROUP OF POEMS**By Mary Rose Pasic****SUNSHINE**

*Michael,
Sunny hair in spirals,
Hiding a baby eye,
Claps his hands in gleeful
Greeting.*

PUSSY WILLOW WISDOM

*Swirling, slashing,
the river grumbles;
rushing to its bend,
it leaves a drop for the willow,
a diamond on a pussy willow.*

NO. 1

*Dropped from somewhere, round and plump,
It hit his nose and made a bump.
Up he jumped and looked to see
An apple winking peacefully.*

CLOWN

*Crooked hat and crooked nose,
He's the only one who knows
Of lighted eyes or darkened smiles,
Perhaps his magic did not work.
He jumps and jests to make them laugh,
But turns sadly when they stand
Sober, somber, not a twinkle.
Crooked hat and crooked nose,
He's the only one who knows.*

